

(5)
THE
MERCHANT.

A
NAVAL LYRICK:

Written in IMITATION of
PINDAR's SPIRIT.
On the BRITISH TRADE, and
NAVIGATION.

By E. YOUNG, L.L.D.

*Monte decurrens velut Amnis, imbres
Quem super Notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, Immensusq; ruit profundo.*

Pindarus Ode.

*Concines latosq; dies, & Urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis AUGUSTI Reditu.*

Hor.

D U B L I N :

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T H E

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a formidable Sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true Nature of it: Of which (with utmost Submission) I conceive the Critics have hitherto entertain'd a false Idea. Pindar is as Natural as Anacreon, tho' not so Familiar. As a fixt Star is as much in the Bounds of Nature, as a Flower of the Field, tho' less obvious; and of greater Dignity. This is not the receiv'd Notion of Pindar; I shall therefore soon support at large that Hint which is now given.

Trade is a very Noble Subject in itself; more proper than any for an Englishman; and particularly seasonable at this Juncture.

We have more Specimens of good Writing in every Province, than in the Sublime; our two famous Epic Poems excepted. I was willing to make an Attempt where I had fewest Rivals:

If on reading this Ode, any Man has a fuller Idea of the real Interest, or possible Glory of his Country, than before; or a stronger Impression from it, or a warmer Concern for it, I give up to the Critic any farther Reputation.

We have many Copies, and Translations, that pass for Originals. This Ode I humbly conceive is an Original, tho' it professes Imitation. No Man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular Works; any more than like

The P R E F A C E.

Raphael, by copying the Chautoons. The Genius and Spirit of such great Men must be collected from the whole; and when thus we are possess'd of it, we must exert its Energy in Subjects and Designs of our own. Nothing is so Unpindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar's an Original, and he must be so too, who would be like Pindar in That which is his greatest Praise. Nothing so unlike as a Close Copy, and a Noble Original.

As for Length, Pindar has an unbroken Ode of six hundred Lines. Nothing is long or short in Writing, but relatively to the Demand of the Subject, and the Manner of treating it. A Distick may be long, and a Folio short, However, I have broken this Ode into Strains, each of which may be consider'd as a separate Ode if you please. And if the Variety and Fulness of Matter be consider'd, I am rather apprehensive of Danger from Brevity in this Ode, than from Length. But lank Writing is what I think ought most to be declin'd, if for nothing else, for our Plenty of it.

The Ode is the most spirited Kind of Poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited Kind of Ode; This I speak at my own very great Peril: But Truth has an eternal Title to our Confession, tho' we are sure to suffer by it.

THE

The C O N T E N T S.

The ODE consists of a *Prelude*; *Five Strains*; A *Moral*; A *Close*, and *Chorus*.

P R E L U D E.

THE *Proposition*. An Address to the Vessel that brought over the King. *Who* should Sing on this Occasion. A *Pindarick Boast*.

S T R A I N the First.

How the King attended. A *Prospect* of Happiness. *Industry*. A surprizing Instance of it in old *Rome*. The mischief of *Sloth*. *What* Happiness is. *Sloth* its greatest Enemy. *Trade* natural to *Britain*. *Trade* invok'd. *Describ'd*. *What* the greatest Human Excellence The *Praise* of Wealth. Its *Use*, *Abuse*, *End*. The *Variety* of Nature. The final *moral* Cause of it. The Benefit of man's *Necessities*. *Britain's* naval Stores. She makes all Nature serviceable to her Ends. Of *Reason*. Its *Excellence*. *How* we should form our *Estimate* of Things. *Reason's* difficult Task. *Why* the first Glory Hers. Her *Effects* in old *Britain*.

S T R A I N the Second.

Arts from Commerce. *Why* *Britons* should pursue it. *What* Wealth includes. An *Historical Digression* which kind is most frequent in *Pindar*. The Wealth and wonderful Glory of *Tyre*. The *Approach* of her Ruin. The *Cause* of it. Her Crimes through all Ranks, and Orders. Her miserable Fall. The neighbouring Kings just *Reflection* on it. An awful Image of the Divine Power and Vengeance. From *what* *Tyre* fell, and how deep her Calamity.

S T R A I N the Third.

An *Inference* from this History. *Advice* to *Britain*. More proper to her than other Nations. *How* far the Stroke of *Tyranny* reaches. *What* supports our Endeavours. The *unconsider'd* Benefits of *Liberty*. *Britain's* obligation to pursue Trade. *Why* above half the Globe is Sea. *Britain's* Grandeur from her Situation. The *Winds*, the *Seas*, the *Constellations*, describ'd. *Sir Isaac Newton's* praise, *Britain* compar'd with other States.

The CONTENTS.

States. The *Leviathan* describ'd. Britain's Site, and ancient Title to the Seas. *Who* rivals Her. Of *Venice*. *Holland*. Some despise Trade as mean. Censur'd for it. Trade's Glory. The late *Czar*. *Solomon*. A surprizing Instance of Magnificence. The Merchant's Dignity. Compar'd with Men of Letters.

S T R A I N the Fourth.

Pindar invok'd. His praise. Britain should decline War; but boldly assert her Trade. Encourag'd from the Throne: Britain's condition without Trade. Trade's Character, and surprizing Deeds. *Carthage*. *Solomon's* Temple. *St. Paul's* Church. The *Miser's* character. The wonderful Effects of Trade. Why Religion recommended to the Merchant. What, false Joy. What, True. What Religion is to the Merchant. Why Trade more glorious in Britons, than Others, How warmly, and how long to be pursu'd by Us. The Briton's Legacy. *Columbus*. His praise. *America* describ'd. Worlds still unknown. *Queen Elizabeth*. *King George the Second*. His Glory navally represented.

S T R A I N the Fifth.

What is the Bound of Britain's power. Beyond That of the most fam'd in History. The Sign *Lyra*. What the Constellations are. *Argo*. The *Whale*. The *Dolphin*. *Eridanus*. The *Lyon*. *Libra*. *Virgo*. *Berenice*. The British Ladies censur'd. The *Moon*. What the Sea is. *Apostrophe* to the *Emperor*. The *Spanish* Armada. How Britain should speak her Resentment. What gives Power. What Navies do in War. The *Tartar*. *Mogul*. *Africa*. *China*. Who Master of the World, What the History of the World is. The Genealogy of Glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's Harvest. Ships of Divine Origin. Merchants Ambassadors. The Briton's Voyage. Praise the Food of Glory. Britain's Record.

The M O R A L.

The most Happy should be the most Virtuous. Of Eternity. What Britain's Arts should be. Whence Slavery.

The C L O S E.

This Subject now first Sung, How Sung. Preferable to *Pindar's* Subjects. How Britain should be Sung by All.

C H O R U S.

THE



T H E
M E R C H A N T.

O D E the *First*.

On the B R I T I S H Trade, and Navigation.

To His G R A C E the
Duke of C H A N D O S.

πλατείαι πάντοσθεν λογιοί
σιν εντὶ πρόσδοι
νασον ευκλέα τᾶν
δε κοσμεῖν.

Pind. Nem. Ode VI.

The P R E L U D E,

I.

FAST by the *Surge* my limbs are spread;
The *naval Oak* nods o'er my head;
The Winds are loud; the Waves tumultuous rowl;
Ye Winds! indulge your Rage no more;
Ye founding Billows! cease to roar;
The God descends; and Transports warm my Soul.

II.

The Waves are hush'd; the Winds are spent!—
 This Kingdom, from the Kingdom's rent,
 I celebrate in Song. Fam'd Isle! no less,
 By *Nature's* favour, from Mankind,
 Than by the foaming *Sea*, disjoyn'd;
 Alone in Bliss! an *Isle*, in Happiness!

III.

Tho' *Fate*, and *Time* have damp'd my Strains,
 Tho' Youth no longer fires my Veins,
 Tho' slow their Streams in this cold Climate run;
 The Royal eye dispels my Cares,
 Recalls the warmth of Blooming years,
 Returning *George* supplies the distant Sun.

IV.

Away my Soul! salute the * *Pine*,
 That glads the Heart of *Caroline*,
 It's grand Deposit faithful to restore;
 Salute the *Bark* that ne'er shall hold
 So rich a freight in Gems, or Gold,
 And loaded from both *Indies* would be Poor.

* The Vessel that brought over the King.

V.

My Soul! to Thee, *She* spreads her Sails;
 Their Bosoms fill with sacred Gales;
 With Inspiration from the Godhead warm;
 Now bound for an *eternal* clime,
 O send her down the Tide of Time,
 Snatch'd from *Oblivion*, and secure from *Storm*,

VI.

Or teach *this* Flag, like *that* to soar,
 Which Gods, of old, and Heroes bore;
 Bid Her a *British* Constellation rise—
 The Sea She scorns; and, *now*, shall bound
 On lofty Billows of sweet Sound,
 I am Her Pilot, and Her Port the *Skies*!

VII.

Dare *You* to sing, Ye tinckling Train?
 Silence ye Wretched! Ye Prophane!
 Who shackle *Prose*, and boast of *absent* Gods;
 Who murder Thought, and Numbers maim,
 Who write *Pindarics* cold, and lame,
 And labour Riff *Anacreontic* Odes.

VIII.

VIII.

Ye *Lawful* Sons of Genius rise!
 Of *genuine* title to the Skies;
 Ye *Founts* of Learning! and ye *Mints* of Fame!
 You, who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing Thought, with *Attic* Art,
 And drink pure Song from *Cham's*, or *Isis'* Stream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the Numbers pure,
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd Breast;
 As, when full-ripen'd teems the Vine,
 The generous bursts of willing Wine
 Distil Nectareous from the Grape *unpress'd*.

S T R A I N the First.

Our *Monarch* comes! nor comes alone!
 What shining Forms surround his Throne,
 O Sun! as Planets Thee? To my loud Strain
 See *Peace*, by *Wisdom* led, advance;
 The *Grace*, the *Muse*, the *Season* dance;
 And *Plenty* spreads behind her flowing train!

[II]

II.

Our Monarch comes! nor comes alone!
New Glories kindle round his Throne,
 The Visions rife! I triumph as I gaze:
 By *Pindar* led, I turn'd ot late,
 The Volume dark, the Folds of Fate;
 And, now, am present to the *future* Blaze,

III.

By *George* and *Jove* it is decreed,
 The mighty Months in pomp proceed,
 Fair Daughters of the Sun!— O Thou Divine,
 Blest *Industry*! a smiling Earth
 From Thee *alone* derives its birth:
 By Thee the Ploughshare, and its Master, shine.

IV.

From Thee, *Mast, Cabel, Anchor, Oar,*
 From Thee the *Cannon*, and his *roar*;
 On *Oaks* nurs'd, rear'd by Thee, *Wealth, Empire* grows;
 O golden Fruit! *Oak* well might prove
 The sacred tree, the tree of *Jove*;
 All *Jove* can give, the *naval* Oak bestows,

V.

V.

What can not *Industry* compleat?
 † When *Punic* War first flam'd, the Great;
 Bold, Active, Ardent, *Roman* Fathers meet;
 " Fell all your Groves " a *Flamen* crys;
 As soon They fall; as soon they rise;
 One Moon, a *Forest*, and the next, a *Fleet*,

VI.

Is *Sloth* Indulgence? 'tis a Toil;
 Enervates Man, and damns the Soil;
 Defeats Creation, plunges in Distress,
 Cankers our Being, All devours;
 A full Exertion of our Powers!
 Thence, and thence only, glows our Happiness,

VII.

The Stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
 The Sun suspend his swift Career,
 Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted Force;
 Ere Man, his active Springs resign'd,
 Can rust in Body, and in Mind,
 Yet tast of Bliss, of which he choaks the Source.

VIII.

Where, *Industry*! thy Daughter fair?
 Recal her to her *native* air;
Here, was *Trade* born, here bred, here flourish long;
 And ever shall she flourish *Here*:
 What tho' she languisht? 'twas but *fear*,
 She's sound of Heart, her Constitution strong,

IX.

Wake, sting her up. *Trade*! lean no more
 On thy fixt Anchor, push from Shore,
 Earth lies before thee, every Climate court.
 And, see, she's rous'd, absolv'd from Fears,
 Her brow, in cloudless azure, rears,
 Spreads all her Sail, and opens every Port.

X.

See, cherish'd by her Sister, *Peace*,
 She levies Gain on every Place,
 Religion, Habit, Custom, Tongue, and Name!
 Again, she travels with the Sun,
 Again, she draws a Golden Zone
 Round Earth and Main; bright Zone of Wealth and Fame!

XI. Ten

XI.

Ten thousand active Hands, that hung
 In shameful Sloth with Nerves unstrung,
 The Nations languid Load, defie the Storms,
 The Sheets unfurl, and Anchors weigh,
 The long-mor'd Vessel wing to Sea,
 Worlds, Worlds salute, and peopled Ocean swarms.

XII.

His Sons, *Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,*
 Their Scidgy foreheads lift, and smile;
 Their Urns inverted prodigally pour
 Streams; charg'd with Wealth, and vow to buy,
Britannia for their great Ally,
 With Climes paid down; what can the Gods do more?

XIII.

Cold *Russia* costly Furs, from far,
 Hot *China* sends her painted Jar,
France generous Wines to crown it, *Arab* sweet,
 With gales of Incense swells our Sails,
 Nor distant *Ind* our Merchant fails,
 Her richest Ore the *Ballast* of our Fleet.

XIV. Lux

XIV.

Luxuriant life! What Tide that flows,
 Or Stream that glides, or Wind that blows;
 Or genial Sun that shines, or Show'r that pours,
 But flows, glides, breaths, shines, pours for thee?
 How every Heart dilates to see
 Each Land's each Season blending on thy Shores?

XV.

All these one *British* Harvest make!
 The Servant *Ocean* for thy sake,
 Both sinks, and swells: His Arms thy Bosom wrap,
 And fondly give, in boundless Dow'r
 To mighty *George's* growing Pow'r,
 The wafted World into thy loaded Lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings Riches, Riches crown
 Fair *Virtue* with the first Renown:
 A large *Revenue*, and a large *Expense*,
 When Hearts for others Welfare glow,
 And *Spend* as free as Gods bestow,
 Gives the full Bloom to mortal Excellence.

XVII. *Glow*

XVII.

Glow then my Breast! *abound* my Store!
 This, and this boldly I implore,
 Their *Want*, and *Apathy* let *Stoicks* boast:
Passions and *Riches*, Good, or Ill,
 As us'd by man, demand our Skill;
 All Blessings wound us, when *Discretion's* lost.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the *Virtuous*, and the *Wise*,
 'Tis Vice and Folly to despise:
 Let *Those* in praise of *Poverty* refine,
 Whose Heads, or Hearts pervert its use;
 The *Narrow-Soul'd*, or the *Profuse*,
 The *truly-great* find *Morals* in the *Mine*;

XIX.

Happy the Man! who large of Heart,
 Has learnt the rare, illustrious *Art*
 Of being rich: *Stores* *starve* us, or they *cloy*,
 From *Gold*, if more than *Chymick* skill,
 Extract not what is *brighter* still:
 'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

XX. *Plenty*

XX.

Plenty's a Means, and Joy her End!
Exalted Minds their Joys extend,
A Chandos shines, when others Joys are done:
As lofty Turrets, by their Height,
When humbler Scenes resign their Light,
 Retain the Rays of the declining Sun.

XXI.

Pregnant with Blessings Britain! swear
No Sordid Son of thine shall dare
 Offend the Donor of thy Wealth, and Peace;
 Who now, his whole Creation drains
 To pour into thy tumid Veins
 That Blood of Nations! Commerce and Increase.

XXII.

How various Nature! turgid Grain,
Here nodding floats the Golden Plain;
There, Worms weave filken Webs, Here glowing Vines
 Lay forth their Purple to the Sun,
 Beneath the Soil, *There* Harvests run,
 And Kings Revenues ripen in the Mines.

XXIII.

What's *various Nature*? *Art* Divine
 Man's Soul to soften, and refine;
 Heaven different Growths to different Lands imparts,
 That all may stand in need of All,
 And *Interest* draw around the Ball,
 A Net to catch, and join all human Hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's Pen
 His Law *Supream*, to mortal Men,
 In their *Necessities* distinctly writ;
 Even *Appetite* supplies the Place
 Of absent Virtue, absent Grace,
 And human Want *performs* for human Wit.

XXV.

Vast Naval Ensigns strow'd around
 The wondring *Foreigner* confound!
 How stands the deep-aw'd *Continent* aghast,
 As her proud *Scepter'd* Sons survey,
 At every Port, on every Key,
 Huge mountains rise, of Cabel, Anchor, Mast?

XXVI. The

XXVI.

The unweildy Tun! the Ponderous Bale! —
 Each Prince his own Clime set to Sale
 Sees *Here*, by Subjects of a *British* King:
 How *Earth's* abridg'd? All Nations range
 A narrow Spot! our throng'd *Exchange*,
 And send the Streams of plenty from their Spring.

XXVII.

Nor *Earth* alone, all *Nature* bends
 In aid to *Britain's* glorious Ends:
 Toils she in *Trade*? or bleeds in honest *Wars*?
 Her Keel each yielding *Sea* enthrals,
 Each willing *Wind* her Canvas calls,
 Her Pilot into Service lifts the Stars.

XXVIII.

In Size confin'd, and humbly made,
 What tho' we creep beneath the Shade,
 And seem as Emmets on this Point, the Ball?
 Heaven lighted up the Human Soul,
 Heaven bid its Rays transpierce the Whole,
 And giving Godlike *Reason*, gave us *All*.

XXIX.

'Thou Golden Chain 'twixt God and Men,
 Blest *Reason*! guide my Life, and Pen;
 All Ills, like Ghosts, fly trembling at thy Light:
 Who thee obeys, reigns over All;
 Smiles, tho' the Stars around him fall;
 A God is nought but Reason Infinite.

XXX.

The Man of Reason is a God,
 Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's Nod;
 Sole *Agent* he beneath the shining Sphere,
 Others are *Passive*, are impell'd,
 Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or Swell'd,
 As *Accident* is pleas'd to *Domineer*.

XXXI.

Our *Hopes*, and *Fears* are much to blame;
 Shall Monarchs *awe*? Or Crowns *inflame*?
 From Gross mistake our idle Tumult springs;
 Those Men the silly World disarm,
 Elude the *Dart*, dissolve the *Charm*
 Who know the *slender* worth of *Men*, and *Things*.

XXXII. The

XXXII.

The *present* Object, (*present* Day,
 Are idle *Phantoms*, and away;
 What's *lasting* only does *exist*. Know *This*,
 Life, Fame, Friends, Freedom, Empire, All,
Peace, *Commerce*, *Freedom*, nobly fall
 To launch us on the Flood of *endless* Bliss.

XXXIII.

How *Foreign* These, tho' *most* in view?
 Go, look your *whole* Existence thro';
 Thence, form your *Rule*; Thence fix your Estimate,
 For so the Gods: but as the *Gains*,
 How Great the *Toil*? 'Twill cost more Pains,
 To vanquish *Folly*, than reduce a *State*.

XXXIV.

Hence *Reason*! the *first* palm is thine,
 Old *Britain* learnt from Thee to shine.
 By Thee, *Trades* swarming Throng, gay *Freedom's* Smile,
Armies, in War, of fatal frown,
 Of Peace the Pride, *Arts* flowing Gown,
Enrich, *Exalt*, *Defend*, *Instruct* our Isle.

S T R A I N the Second.

COMMERCE gives *Arts*, as well as *Gain*;
 By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barbarous Climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich Traffick of the Soul!
 May travel, *thus*, from Pole to Pole,
 And gild the World, with Learning's *brighter* Sun.

II.

Commerce gives *Learning*, *Virtue*, *Gold*!
 Ply *Commerce*, then, ye *Britons* bold,
 Inur'd to Winds and Seas! Left Gods repent:
 The Gods that Thron'd you in the Wave,
 And, as the *Trident's* Emblem, gave
 A triple-Realm, that awes the Continent:

III.

And awes with Wealth; for Wealth is Pow'r:
 When *Jove* descends a golden Show'r,
 'Tis Navy's, Armies, Empire, All, in One.—
 View, emulate, outshine Old *Tyre*;
 In scarlet Rob'd, with Gems on fire,
 Her Merchants, *Princes*! Every Deck, a *Throne*!

IV.

She sat an Empress! aw'd the Flood!
 Her *stable* Column *Ocean* trod;
 She call'd the *Nations*, and she call'd the *Seas*,
 By Both obey'd: The *Syrian* Sings;
 The *Cyprian's* Art her Viol Strings;
Togarmagh's Steed along her Valley neighs.

V.

The Fir of *Senir* makes her Floor,
 And *Bashan's* Oak transform'd, her Oar;
 High *Lebanon* her Mast: Far *Dedan* warms
 Her mantled Host; *Arabia* feeds;
 Her Sail of Purple *Egypt* spreads;
Arvad sends Mariners; the *Persian*, Arms.

VI.

The World's last limit bounds her Fame;
 The *Golden City* was her Name!
 Those Stars on *Earth*, the *Topaz*, *Onyx* blaze
 Beneath her Foot: *Extent* of Coast,
 And rich as *Nile's*, let *Others* boast;
 Hers the far Nobler *Harvest* of the Seas.

VII.

O Merchant Land! as *Eden* fair!
Antient of Empires! *Nature's* Care!
 The Strength of *Ocean*! Head of Plenty's Springs!
 The Pride of *Isles*! In *Wars* rever'd!
 Mother of *Crafts*! Lov'd! Courted! Fear'd!
 Pilot of Kingdoms! and Support of Kings!

VIII.

Great Mart of Nations!—But she fell!
 Her pamper'd Sons revolt! rebel!
 Against his favourite Isle loud roars the *Main*!
 The Tempest howls! Her sculptur'd Dome
 Soon, the *Wolf's* Refuge; *Dragon's* Home!
 The Land, One *Altar*! A whole People, *slain*!

IX.

The destin'd *Day* puts on her frown;
 The fable *Hour* is coming down;
 She's on her march from yon Almighty throne;
 The *Sword*, and *Storm* are in her hand;
 She trumpets shrill her dread Command:
 Dark be the Light of Earth! the Boast, *unknown*!

X.

For Oh! Her Sins as red as Blood,
 As Crimson deep, outcry the Flood;
 The Queen of Trade is *bought*! Once, Wise, and Just,
 Now, venal is her Councils tongue:
 How Riot, Violence, and Wrong,
 Turn Gold to *Dross*, her Blossom into *Dust*!

XI.

To Things inglorious, far beneath
 Those highborn Souls they proudly breath,
 Her sordid *Noble* sinks! her *Mighty*, Low!
 Is it for *This*, the Groves around
 Return the *Talret's* sprightly Sound?
 Is it for *This*, her Great Ones tofs the Brow?

XII.

What burning Feuds 'twixt Brothers reign?
 To *Nuptials* cold, how *glows* the Vein
 Confounding Kindred, and misleading Right?
 The *spurious* lord it o'er the Land!
 Bold *Blasphemy* dares make a Stand,
 Assault the Sky, and brandish *All* her Might:

XIII.

XIII.

Tyre's Artizan, Sweet Orator,
Her Merchant, Sage, big Man of War,
Her Judge, her Prophet, nay her Hoary heads,
 Whose brows with *Wisdom* should be crown'd,
Her very Priests in guilt abound:
Hence, the World's Cedar all her Honours sheds.

XIV.

What Death of *Truth*! What thirst of *Gold*?
 Chiefs warm in *Peace*, in *Battel*, cold?
 What *Youth* unletter'd? *Base Ones* lifted high?
 What *publick* Boasts? what *private* Views?
 What *desert* Temples? *crowded* Stews?
 What *Women*? — practis'd but to rowl an Eye!

XV.

O! foul of Heart, her fairest Dames
 Decline the Sun's intruding beams,
 To mad the midnight in their gloomy Haunts:
 Alas! There is, who sees them There;
 There is, Who flatters not the Fair,
 When *Cymbals* tinckle, and the *Virgin* chaunts.

XVI.

HE sees, and Thunders! — *Now, in vain!*
 The Courser paws, and foams the rein;
 And Chariots stream along the printed Soil:
 In vain! Her high, presumptuous Air
 In gorgeous Vestments rich, and rare,
 O'er her proud Shoulder throws the Poor man's Toil.

XVII.

In Robes or Gems, her costly *Stain*
 Green, Scarlet, Azure, shine, in vain!
 In vain! their golden heads her Turrets rear;
 In vain! high-flavour'd, foreign Fruits
Sydonian Oils, and *Lydian* Lutes,
 Glide o'er her Tongue, and melt upon her Ear.

XVIII.

In vain! Wines flow in various Streams, :
 With Helm, and Spear each Pillar gleams;
Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy Store;
 The Golden wedge from *Ophir's* coasts,
 From *Arab* Incense vain, she boasts,
 Vain are her *Gods*, and vainly *Men* adore.

XIX.

XIX.

Bell falls! The mighty *Nebo* bends
 The Nations hills! Her Glory ends!
 To *Ships*, her Confidence! She flies from Foes;
 Foes meet Her *there*: The Wind, the Wave,
 That once Aid, Strength, and Grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in Seas, from which her Glory rose.

XX.

Her *Ivory* deck, embroider'd sail,
 And mast of *Cedar* nought avail,
 Or Pilot *learn'd*! She sinks, nor sinks *alone*,
 Her Gods sink with her! to the Sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her Soul out in one dreadful Groan,

XXI.

What tho' so vast her Naval might,
 In *Her* first dawn'd the *British* Right?
 * All *Flags* *abas'd*, her Sea-Dominion greet:
 What tho' she longer warr'd than *Troy*?
 At length her Foes that *Isle* destroy
 Whose Conquest fail'd, as far as fail'd her Fleet.

* Q Curtius.

XXII.

The Kings *she* cloath'd in Purple, shake
 Their awful brows: " O foul Mistake!
 O fatal Pride! (they cry) This, this is *she*;
 " Who said— With my *own* Art, and Arm,
 " In the World's Wealth I wrap me Warm"—
 And swell'd at Heart, vain Empress of the Sea!

XXIII.

" This, this is *she*, who *meanly* soar'd:
 " Alas! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
 And stile herself a God?— Thro' stormy Wars
 " This *Eagle-Isle* her Thunder bore,
 " High-fed her young with *human* Gore;
 And *would* have built her Nest among the Stars.

XXIV.

" But ah, frail Man! How impotent
 To stand Heaven's Vengeance, or prevent?
 To turn aside the great Creator's aim?
 Shall *Island-Kings* with him contend,
 Who makes the Poles beneath him bend?
 And shall drink up the Sea herself with Flame?

XXV. " *Earth,*

XXV.

- “ *Earth, Ether, Empyream* bow,
 “ When from the brazen Mountain’s brow
 “ The God of Battles takes his mighty Bow :
 “ Of Wrath prepares to pour the Flood,
 “ Puts on his Vesture dipt in Blood,
 “ And marches out to scourge the World below.

XXVI.

- “ Ah ! wretched *Isle*, once call’d the *Great* !
 “ Ah ! wretched *Isle*, and wise too late !
 “ The Vengeance of *Jehova* is gone out :
 “ Thy *Luxury, Corruption, Pride*,
 “ And *Freedom* lost, the Realms deride,
 “ Ador’d thee *standing*, o’er thy *ruins* shout.

XXVII.

- “ To scourge with *War*, or *Peace* bestow,
 “ *Was* thine, O *Fallen* ! *Fallen* low !
 “ ’*Twas* thine, of jarring *Thrones* to still *Debates* :
 “ How art thou fallen, down, down, down ?
 “ Wide *Wast*, and *Night*, and *Horror* frown,
 “ Where *Empire* flam’d in *Gold*, and ballanc’d *States*.

S T R A I N *the Third.*

HENCE learn, as Hearts are foul, or pure,
 Our Fortunes wither, or endure:
 Nations may *thrive*, or *perish* by the Wave.
 What Storms from *Jove's* unwilling frown,
 A People's Crimes *solicit* down?
Ocean's the *womb* of Riches, and the *grave*.

II.

This Truth, O *Britain!* ponder well;
Virtues shall rise, as *Fortunes* swell:
 What is large Property?—The *Sign* of Good;
 Of worth *superior*, If 'tis *less*,
Another's Treasure we possess,
 And charge the Gods with favours *misbestow'd*.

III.

This Council suits *Britannia's* Isle
 High-flusht with *Wealth*, and *Freedom's* Smile:
 To Vassals prison'd in the *Continent*,
 Who starve, *at home*, on meagre Toil,
 And suck to death their mother Soil,
 'Twere useless Caution, and a Truth mis-spent.

IV. Fell

IV.

Fell *Tyrants* strike beyond the Bone,
 And wound the Soul; bow *Genius* down,
 Lay *Virtue* wast! For Worth, or Arts who strain,
 To throw them at a *Monster's* foot?
 'Tis *Property* supports *Pursuit*:
Freedom gives *Eloquence*; and *Freedom*, *Gain*:

V.

She pours the Thought, and forms the Style;
 She makes the blood and spirits boil;
 I feel her now! and rouse, and rise, and rave
 In *Theban* Song: O *Muse*! not *Thine*,
 Verse is gay *Freedom's* gift divine:
 The Man that can think greatly, is no Slave.

VI.

Others may traffick if they please;
Britain, fair Daughter of the Seas,
 Is born for *Trade*; to plough her Field, the Wave;
 And reap the Growth of every Coast;
 A Speck of Land! but let her boast,
 Gods gave the *World*, when they the *Waters* gave.

VII. *Britain*!

VII.

Britain! behold the World's wide face;
 Not cover'd half with *solid* space,
 Three parts are *Fluid*; Empire of the Sea!
 And why? for Commerce. *Ocean* streams
 For *that*, thro' all his various *names*:
 And, if for Commerce, *Ocean* flows for thee.

VIII.

Britain, like some great Potentate
 Of *Eastern* Clime, retires in State,
 Shuts out the Nations! Would a Prince draw nigh?
 He passes her strong *Guards*, the Waves,
 Of *servant* Winds admission craves,
 Her Empire has no Neighbour but the Sky.

IX.

There are her *Friends*; soft *Zephyr* there,
 Keen *Eurus*, *Notus* never fair,
 Rough *Boreas* bursting from the Pole: All urge,
 And urge, for her, their various Toil,
 The *Caspian*, the broad *Baltick* boil,
 And into life the dead *Pacific* scourge.

X.

*There are her Friends, a marshal'd Train :
 A golden Host ! and azure Plain !
 By turns do duty, and by turns retreat :
 They may retreat, but not from her ;
 The Star that quits this Hemisphere
 Must quit the Skies, to want a British Fleet.*

XI.

*Hyad, for her, leans o'er her Urn ;
 For her, Orion's glories burn,
 The Pleiads' gleam. For Briton's set, and rise
 The fair fac'd Sons of Maxarothe,
 Near the deep chambers of the South,
 The raging Dog that fires the midnight Skies,*

XII.

*These Nations Newton made his own ;
 All Intimate with him alone,
 His mighty Soul did, like a Giant, run
 To the vast Volume's closing Star ;
 Decypher'd every Character :
 His Reason pour'd new Light upon the Sun,*

XIII. L

XIII.

Let the proud Brothers of the Land,
Smile at our Rock, and *barren* Strand,
Not *such* the Sea : Let *Fohe's* ancient Line
Vast *Tracts*, and ample *Beings* vaunt ;
The *Camellow*, *small* Elephant ;
O *Britain* ! the *Leviathan* is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan ! whom *Nature's* Strife
Brought forth, her largest piece of Life ;
He *sleeps* an *Isle* ! his sports the *Billow* warm !
Dreadful *Leviathan* ! thy Spout
Invades the Skies ; the Stars are out :
He drinks a *River*, and ejects a *Storm*.

XV.

The *Atlantick* Surge around our Shore
German, and *Caledonian* roar ;
Their mighty *Genii* hold us in their Lap. —
Here *Egbert*, *Edgar*, *Ethelred* ;
“ The Seas are ours.” — The Monarchs said —
The Floods their hands, the hands their Nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a Rival, then, to rise?
 Can he be found beneath the Skies?
 No, *There*, they dwell, that can give *Britain* fear:
 The Powers of Earth, by rival aim
 Her Grandeur but the more proclaim;
 And prove their Distance most, as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud *Venice* fits amid the Waves;
 Her Foot ambitious *Ocean* laves:
Arts noblest Boast! But O what wondrous Odds
 'Twixt *Venice*, and *Britannia's* Isle?
 'Twixt mortal, and immortal Toil?
Britannia is a *Venice* built by Gods.

XVIII.

Let *Holland* triumph o'er her Foes,
 But not o'er Friends, by whom she rose;
 The Child of *Britain*! And shall she contend?
 It were no less than Parricide: —
 What Wonders rise from out the Tide?
 Her *High and Mighty* to the Rudder bend,

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
 Who think *Trade* mean, and scorn to Bow
 So far beneath the State of *noble Birth* ?
 Alas! these Chiefs but little know
Commerce how High, *Themselves* how low ;
 The Sons of *Nobles*, are the Sons of *Earth*.

XX.

And what have Earth's mean Sons to do,
 But reap her Fruits, and warm pursue
 The World's *chief* Good, not *glut* on Others Toil ?
 High *Commerce* from the Gods came down,
 With *Compass*, *Chart*, and *Starry Crown*
 Their *Delegates*, to make the Nations *smile*.

XXI.

Blush, and behold the *Russian* bow,
 From forty Crowns, his mighty *brow*
 To *Trade*—To *Toil* He turns his glorious *Hand*:
 That Arm, which swept the bloody field,
 See! the Huge *Ax*, or *Hammer*, wield;
 While *Scepters* wait, and *Thrones* impatient stand.

XXII.

O Shame to *Subjects* ! First renown,
 Matchless Example to the *Crown* !
Old Time is *poor* : What Age boasts such a Sight ?
 Ye *Drones* ! adore the man Divine —
 No ; Virtue still as *mean* decline,
 Call *Russians* barbarous, and yourselves, polite.

XXIII.

He too of *Judah*, Great, as Wise,
 With *Hiram* strove in Merchandize ;
 Monarchs with Monarchs struggle for an *Oar* !
 * That *Merchant* sinking to his Grave,
 A Flood of Treasure swells the Cave ;
 The King *left much*, the Merchant *bury'd* more.

XXIV.

Is *Merchant* an inglorious Name ?
 No ; fit for *Pindar* such a Theme,
 Too great for me ; I pant beneath the Weight !
 If loud, as *Ocean's*, were my Voice,
 If Words, and Thoughts to court my Choice
 Out-number'd *Sands*, I could not reach its Height.

* Vast Treasure taken from *Solomon's Tomb* 1300 years after his Death. 3000 Talents at one time, and an immense Sum the next.

XXV. *Merchants*

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest *Heroes* reign;
 Thole trade in *Blessing*, these in *Pain*,
 At Slaughter swell, and shout, while Nations groan:
 With purple *Monarchs*, *Merchants* vie;
 If great to *spend*, what, to *supply*?
Priests pray for *Blessings*, *Merchants* pour 'em down.

XXVI.

King's *Merchants* are in *League*, and *Love*;
Earth's *Odours* pay soft *Airs* above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolifick range;
Planets are *Merchants*, take, return
 Lustre, and heat; by *Traffick* burn;
 The whole *Creation* is one vast *Exchange*.

XXVII.

Is Merchant an *inglorious Name*?
 What say the Sons of *Letter'd Fame*,
 Proud of their *Volumes*, swelling in their *Cells*?
 In open *Life*, in *Change* of *Scene*,
 Mid various *Manners*, *Throngs* of *Men*,
Experience, *Arts*, and solid *Wisdom* dwells.

Trade Art's Mechanick, Nature's Stores
Well-weighs; to Starry Science soars:
Reads warm in Life, (dead colour'd by the Pen)
The Sites, Tongues, Interefts of the Ball:
Who studies Trade, He studies All;
Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd Men,

S T R A I N *the Fourth.*

How shall I farther rouse the Soul?
How Sloth's lascivious reign controul
By Verse, with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
How every breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With Wealth of Words, and unexhausted Thought?

II.

O Thou Dircean Swan, on high,
Round whom familiar Thunders fly!
While Jove attends a Language like his own:
Thy Spirit pour, like vernal Show'rs,
My Verse shall burst out with the Flow'rs,
While Britain's Trade advances with her Sun,

III.

Tho' *Britain* was not born to fear,
 Grasp not at bloody Fame from *War*;
 Nor *War* decline, if *Thrones* your Right invade:
Jove gathers Tempest black as Night;
Jove pours the golden Flood of Light;
 Let *Britain* Thunder, or let *Britain* Trade.

IV.

Britain a Comet, or a Star,
 In *Commerce* This, or That in *War*,
 Let *Britons* shout! Earth, Seas, and Skies resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
 And Spirit dart thro' every Nerve,
 * Hear from the *Throne* a Voice thro' Time renown'd.

V.

So fall, from Heaven the vernal Show'rs,
 To cheer the Glebe, and wake the Flow'rs;
 The Bloom call'd forth sees azure Skies display'd;
 The Bird of Voice is proud to sing,
 Industrious *Bees* ply every wing,
 Distend their Cells, and urge their golden Trade.

* The King's Speech.

VI. Trade

VI.

Trade once extinguisht, *Britain's* Sun
 Is gone out too; his race is run;
 He shines in vain! Her Isle's an Isle indeed,
 A Spot too small to be o'ercome;
 A dreadful Safety! wretched Doom!
 No Foe will conquer, what, no Foe can feed.

VII.

Trade's the Source, Sinew, Soul of All;
Trade's all herself; hers, hers, the Ball;
 Where most unseen, the Goddess still is there;
Trade leads the Dance, *Trade* lights the Blaze,
 The Courtier's Pomp! the Student's Ease!
 'Twas *Trade* at *Blenheim* fought, and clos'd the War,

VIII.

What, *Rome*, and all her Gods defies?
 The *Punick* Oar. Behold it rise
 And battle for the World! *Trade* gave the Call;
 Rich Cordials from his *naval* Art
 Sent the strong Spirits to his Heart,
 That bid an *Afric* Merchant grasp the Ball.

IX, Where

IX.

Where is, on Earth, *Jehovah's* Home?
Trade markt the Soil, and built the Dome,
 In which his Majesty *first* deign'd to dwell;
 The Walls with *Silver* Sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich, as the Sun, threw Gold *unweigh'd*,
 Bent the Moon'd Arch, and bid the Column swell,

X.

* Grandeur, unknown to *Soloman*!
 Methinks the labouring Earth should groan,
 Beneath yon Load: *Created* sure, not *Made*!
Servant, and *Rival* of the Skies!
 Heaven's Arch alone can higher rise:
 What Hand Immortal rais'd thee?—*Humble Trade*,

XI.

Where hadst thou been? If, left at large,
 Those finewy Arms that tugg'd the Barge,
 Had caught at *Pleasure* on the flowry Green?
 If they that watch the midnight Star,
 Had swung behind the rowling Car,
 Or *fill'd* it with Disgrace, where hadst thou been?

* *St. Paul's*, built by the Coal-Tax.

XII. As

XII.

As by *Repletion* men consume,
Abundance is the Miser's Doom;
 Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *rust*
 Which, passing numerous Hands, would *shine*;
 Is not a *Man*, but living *Mine*,
 Foe to the Gods, and Rival to the *Dust*.

XIII.

Trade barbarous Lands can polish fair;
 Make *Earth* well worth the *Wise* man's care;
 Call forth her Forests, *charm* them into Fleets;
 Can make *one House* of Human race;
 Can bid the distant Poles embrace;
 Hers, every Sun; and *India*, *India* meets.

XIV.

Trade Monarchs crowns, and *Arts* imports,
 With Bounty feeds, with Laurel courts;
Trade, gives fair *Virtue* fairer still to shine;
 Enacts, those Guards of Gain, the *Laws*;
Exalts even *Freedom's* glorious Cause: —
Trade! warn'd by *Tyre*, O make *Religion* Thine,

XV. *Yon*

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid:

Why is Heaven's Smile, in *wealth*, convey'd?

Not to place *Vice*, but *Virtues* in our pow'r:

Pleasure declin'd, is *Luxury*!

Boundless in *Time*, and in *Degree*:

Pleasure enjoy'd, the *Tumult* of an *Hour*.

XVI.

False Joy's a discomposing Thing,

That jars on Nature's trembling String,

Tempests the *Spirits*, and untunes the *Frame*:

True Joy, the Sunshine of the Soul,

A bright *Serene* that calms the Whole;

Which *They* ne'er knew, *whom* Other Joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! *Religion* is the Care

To grow as *Rich* — as Angels are;

To know *false Coin* from *true*; To sweep the *Main*;

The *mighty Stake* secure, beyond

The strongest Tie of *Field*, or *Fund*:

Commerce gives Gold, *Religion* makes it *Gain*.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Joyn, then, Religion to thy Store;
 Or *India's* Mines will make thee poor:
 Greater than *Tyre*! O bear a nobler Mind
 Sea-sovereign *Isle*! Proud *war* decline,
 Trade patronize! What Glory Thine,
 Ardent to *blefs*, who couldst *subdue* Mankind?

XIX.

Rich *Commerce* ply with warmth divine
 By day, by *night*; The *Stars* are Thine,
 Wear out the stars in *Trade*! Eternal run
 From age to age, the Noble glow,
 A *rage* to gain, and to *bestow*,
 While Ages last! In *Trade* burn out the Sun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's All, our Sires sent down
 With Toil, Blood, Treasure, Ages won;
 This, *Edgar* Great bequeath'd; This, *Edward* bold:
 Let *Forbifhers*, let *Raleighs* fire!
 † O let *Columbus*' Shade inspire!
 New Worlds disclose, with *Drake* surround an Old.

† Born in England.

XXI.

Columbus! scarce Inferior Fame
 For Thee to *find*, than Heaven, to *frame*.
 * That Womb of Gold, and Gem : Her wide Domain,
 An *Universe!* Her Rivers, *Seas!*
 Her Fruits, both men, and Gods to please!
 Heaven's fairest Birth! And, but for Thee, *in vain!*

XXII.

Worlds *still unknown* deep Shadows wrap;
 Call Wonders forth from *Nature's* lap;
 New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
 O noble Search! O glorious Care!
 Are you not *Britons*? Why despair?
 New Worlds are *due* to such a Godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the Great *Eliza's* Soul,
 That *Trade*, as long as Waters rowl—
 Ah! no; the Gods chastise my rash Decree:
 By great *Eliza* do not swear;
 For Thee, O *George!* the Gods declare,
 And Thou for Them! Late Time shall swear by Thee.

* *Vid.* Descriptions of *America*.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as *Stars*, with Thee prevails;
 Full be thy *Fame*, as swelling *Sails*,
 Constant, as *Tides*, thy *Mind*; as *Masts*, *Elate*;
 Thy *Justice*, an unerring *Helm*
 To steer *Britannia's* fickle *Realm*;
 Thy *numerous Rate*, sure *Anchor* of her *State*!

S T R A I N the Fifth.

Britannia's State what *Bounds* confine?
 (Of rising thought O golden *Mine*!)
Mountains, *lps*, *Streams*, *Gulphs*, *Oceans*, set no *Bound*,
 She sallies, 'till she strikes the *Star*;
 Expanding wide, and launching far
 As *Wind* can fly, or rowling *Wave* resound.

III.

Small Isle! For *Cæsars*, for the *Son*
 Of *Jove*, who burst from *Macedon*,
 For gorgeous *Easterns* blazing o'er *Mankind*,
 Then, when they call'd the *World* their own,
 Not equal *Fame* from *Fable* shone:
 They rose to *Gods*, in half thy *Sphere* confin'd.

III.

Here, no demand for *Fancy's* wing ;
 Plain *Truth's* illustrious : As I sing,
 O hear yon *spangled Harp* repeat my lay !
 Yon *Starry Lyre* has caught the Sound,
 And spreads it to the *Planets* round,
 Who best can tell where ends *Britannia's* sway.

IV.

The Skies, (fair printed-Page!) unfold
 The *naval* Fame of Heroes old ;
 As in a Mirror show the adventurous Throng :
 The Deeds of *Grecian* Mariners
 Are read by Gods, are writ in *Stars*,
 And noble *Verse*, that shall endure as long.

V.

The Skies are *Records* of the *Main* :
 Thence, *Argo* listens to my Strain ;
 Chiron, for Song renown'd, his noble rage
 For *Naval* fame, and Song renews,
 As *Britain's* Fame He *hears*, and *views* ;
 Chiron, the *Shovel* of a former Age.

VI.

The *Whale* (for late I sung his praise)
 Pours *grateful* lustre on my lays;
 How smiles * *Arion's* Friend with *partial* beams?
Eridanus would flatter too,
 But Jealousies his Smile subdue;
 He fears a *British* Rival in the *Thames*.

VII.

In pride the *Lyon* lifts his Mane,
 To see his *British* Brothers reign
 As Stars below: The *Ballance*, *George!* from Thine,
 Which weighs the *Nations*, learns to weigh
 More accurate the *Night*, and *Day*;
 From thy fair Daughters *Virgo* learns to shine.

VIII.

Of *Britain's* Court, ye *lesser* Lights!
 How could the Wiseman gaze whole nights;
 On *Richmond's* eye, or *Berenice's* Hair?
 But Oh! you practise *shameful* Arts;
 Your own retain, seize other's Hearts
Pirates, not *Merchants*, are the *British* Fair.

* The Dolphin.

IX.

This Truth I swear by *Cynthia's* beam.

Pale Queen ! be *flush'd* at *Britain's* Fame ;

And, rowling, tell the Nations, — “ o'er the Main

“ To *share* Her Empire is thy Pride.” —

H E, mighty Power ! who curbs the *Tide*,

Uncurbs, extends, throws wide *Britannia's* reign.

X.

What is the *Main* ? Ye Kings renown'd !

Britannia's Centre, and your *Bound* :

Austrian ! where-e'er *Leviathan* can rowl,

Is *Britain's* Home ! And *Britain's* Mine,

Where-e'er the ripening Sun can shine !

Parts are for *Emperors* ; for *Her*, the *Whole*.

XI.

Why, *Austrian* ! wilt Thou hover still

On doubtful wing, and want the Skill

To see *thy* welfare in the *World's* ? Too late

Another *Churchill* Thou may'st find,

Another *Churchill*, not so kind,

And Other *Blenheims*, big with Other *Fate*.

XII.

Ill Thou remember'st, ill do'st own,
 Who rescu'd an ungrateful Throne;
 Ill Thou consider'st, that the *Kind are Brave*;
 Ill do'st Thou weigh, that in *Time's* womb
 A day may sleep, a day of Doom,
 As great to *ruin*, as was That to *save*.

XIII.

How would'st Thou smile to hear my Strain,
 Whose boasted *Inspiration's* vain?
 Yet what if my *Prediction* should prove *true*?
 Know'st Thou the *Fatal Pair*, who shine
 O'er *Britain's* trading Empire? *Thine*
 As One *rejected*, What, if One *subdue*?

XIV.

† What *Naval* Scene adorns the Seat
 Of awful *Britain's* high debate,
 Inspires her *Councils*, and records her *Pow'r*?
 The Nations know, in glowing Balls
 On sinking Thrones, the Tempest falls,
 When her August, assembled Senates low'r.

† The *Spanish* Armada in the House of Lords.

XV.

O Language fit for Thoughts so *bold*!
 Would *Britain* have her Anger told?
 Ah! never let a *meaner* language sound,
 Than *That*, which prostrates human Souls,
 Thro' Heaven's dark Vault impetuous rows,
 And *Nature* rocks, when angry *Jove* has frown'd.

XVI.

Not Realms *unbounded*, not a *Flood*
 Of Natives, not *Expen*ce of Blood,
 Or *reach* of Counsel gives the World a *Lord*:
Trade calls *Him* forth, and sets him High,
 As mortal man, o'er men, can fly:
Trade leaves poor Gleanings to the keenest *Sword*.

XVII.

Nay, *Hers* the *Sword*! For *Flee*:s have *wings*;
 Like *Lightning*, fly to *distant* Kings;
 Like Gods, descend *at once* on trembling States:
 Is War proclaim'd? *Our* Wars are hurl'd
 To farthest Confines of the World,
Surprize your Ports, and *Thunder* at your Gates,

XVIII.

The King of Tempests, *Æolus*,
 Sends forth his *pinion'd People*, thus,
 On rapid Errands: As they fly, they roar,
 And carry *sable Clouds*, and sweep
 The Land, the Desert, and the Deep!
Earth shakes! proud *Cities* fall! and *Thrones* adore!

XIX.

The *Fools of Nature* ever strike,
 On bare *Outsides*; and loath, or like,
 As *Glitter* bids; in endless Error vie;
 Admire the *Purple* and the *Crown*:
 Of Human *Welfare*, and *Renown*,
Trade's the big *Heart*; bright *Empire*, but their *Eye*.

XX.

Whence *Tartar* GRAND? or *Mogul* GREAT?—
Trade gilt their *Titles*, pour'd their *State*;
 While *Afric's* black, lascivious, slothful Breed,
 To clasp their *Ruin*, fly from *Toil*;
 That meanest *Product* on their *Soil*,
 Their *People* sell: One Half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's Wealth from Commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring Monument:
 Mid *Citron* Forests, and *Pomgranate* Groves
 (Curst in a Paradise!) the pines;
 O'er generous Glebe, o'er golden Mines
 Her *beggar'd*, *famish'd*, Tradeless Native royes;

XXII.

Not so *Thine*, *China* blooming wide!
 Thy numerous Fleets might *bridge* the *Tide*;
 Thy *Products* would exhaust both *India's* Mines;
 Shut be *that* Gate of Trade! Or woe
 To *Britain's*! *Europe* 'twill o'erflow, —
 Ungrateful Song! * Her growth *inspires* thy lines!

XXIII.

Britain! To *These*, and such as *These*,
 The *River* broad, and foaming *Seas*
 Which *sever* Lands to mortals *less* renown'd,
 Devoid of *naval* skill, or might;
 Those *sever'd* parts of *Earth* *unite*:
 Trade's the full *Pulse*, that sends their vigour round.

* Coffee.

XXIV.

Could, O! could One *engrossing* Hand
 The various Streams of *Trade* command,
That, like the Sun, would gazing Nations awe;
 That awful Pow'r the World would brave,
 Bold *War*, and *Empire* proud, his Slave;
Mankind his Subjects; and his *Will*, their Law.

XXV.

Hast Thou look'd round the spacious Earth?
 From *Commerce*, *Grandeur's* humble Birth:
 To *George* from *Noah*, Empires living, dead,
 Their Pride, their Shame, their Rise, their Fall,
Time's whole *plain Chronicle* is All
 One *bright Encomium*, undefign'd, on *Trade*.

XXVI.

Trade springs from *Peace*, and *Wealth* from *Trade*,
 And *Pow'r* from *Wealth*; of *Pow'r* is made
 The *God* on Earth: Hail, then, the Dove of *Peace*!
 Whose *Olive* speaks the raging *Flood*
 Of *War* repress'd: What's loss of *Blood*?
 War is the *Death* of *Commerce*, and *Encrease*.

XXVII.

Then perish War!— Detested War!
 Shalt Thou make Gods? Light *Cæsar's* Star?
 What calls man *Fool* so loud as *This* has done,
 From *Nymrod's* down to *Bourbon's* Line!—
 Why not adore, too, as Divine,
 Wide-wasting *Storms*, before the genial *Sun*?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's *Summer* clear!
 His *Harvest*! Harvest round the Year!
 For *Peace*, with Laurel every *Mast* be bound;
 Each *Deck* carouse, each *Flag* stream out,
 Each *Cannon* found, each *Sailor* shout!
 For *Peace* let every *Sacred Ship* be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are *Ships*, of birth divine!
 An *Angel* drew the first *Design*;
 With which the † Patriarch *Nature's* ruins brav'd
 Two Worlds aboard, an old, and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
 The *Gods* made Human race, a *Pilot*, sav'd.

† *Noah*.

XXX.

How sacred to the Merchant's name!—
 * When Britain blaz'd meridian Fame,
 Bright shone the *Sword*, but brighter *Trade* gave Law,
Merchants in distant Courts rever'd:
 Where prouder *Statesmen* ne'er appear'd,
Merchants Embassadors! and *Thrones* in awe!

XXXI.

'Tis *Theirs* to know the *Tides*, the *Times*;
 The *march* of Stars; the *Births* of Climes;
Summer, and *Winter* *Theirs*; *Theirs* *Land*, and *Sea*,
Theirs are the *Seasons*, *Months*, and *Years*;
 And each a different *Garland* wears:—
 O that my *Song* could add *Eternity*!

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred Oil that feeds
 The burning Lamp of God-like Deeds;
 Immortal Glory pays illustrious Cares:
 Whither, ye *Britons*! are you bound?
 O noble *Voyage*! glorious *Round*!
 Launch from the *Thames*, and end among the *Stars*.

* In Queen Elizabeth's Reign.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

If to my *Subject* rose my *Soul*,
 Your Fame should last, while *Oceans* rowl:
 When other Worlds, in Depths of Time shall rise,
 As we the *Greeks* of mighty Name;
 May *They Britannia's* Fleet proclaim,
 * Look up, and read her Story in the Skies.

XXXIV.

Ye *Syrens*! sing, ye *Tritons*! blow,
 Ye *Neirids*! dance, ye *Billows*! flow,
 Rowl, to my *Measures*, O ye *Starry Throng*!
 Ye *Winds*! in Confort breath around;
 Ye *Navies*! to the Confort bound,
 From Pole to Pole! To *Britain* All belong.

The M O R A L.

Britain! thus blest, thy Blessing know;
 Or *Bliss*, in vain! the Gods bestow;
 Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore:
 Vain swellings of thy Soul repress;
 They most may lose, who most possess;
 Then let Bliss awe, and tremble at thy Store.

* It is Sir *Isaac Newton's* Opinion, that the Principal Constellations took their Names from the *Argonauts*, to Perpetuate that great Action.

II.

Not be too fond of *Life at best*,
 Her *cheerful*, not *enamour'd* Guest:
 Let Thought fly *forward*; 'twill gay Prospects give,
 Prospects immortal! That deride
 A *Tyrean* Wealth, a *Persian* Pride,
 And make it perfect *Fortitude* to live.

III.

O for *Eternity*! a Scene
 To fair *Adventurers* serene!
 O! on that *Sea* to deal in pure Renown!
 Traffick with Gods! What Transports row!
 What boundless *Import* to the Soul?
 The poor Man's *Empire*! and the Subjects *Crown*!

IV.

Adore the *Gods*, and plough the *Seas*:
 These be thy *Arts*, O *Britain*! These.
 Let *Others* pant for an immense *Command*;
 Let *Others* breath *War's* fiery God;
 The proudest *Victor* fears thy Nod,
 Long as the *Trident* fills thy glorious Hand.

V.

*Glorious, while Heaven-born Freedom lasts;
Which Trade's soft spurious Daughter blasts;
For what is Tyranny? A monstrous Birth,
From Luxury, by Bribes caress'd,
By glowing Pow'r in Shades compress'd;
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning Earth:*

The C L O S E.

I.

*Thee Trade! I first, who boast no Store,
Who owe Thee Nought, thus snatch from Shore;
The Shore of Prose, where Thou hast slumber'd long;
And send thy Flag triumphant down
The Tide of Time, to sure Renown;
O blest my Country! and thou payst my Song.*

II.

*Thou art the Britons noblest Theme,
Why, then, Unsung? My simple aim
To dress plain Sense, and fire the generous Blood,
Not sport Imaginations vain;
But list, with you † *Ethereal Train,*
*The shining Muse, to serve the Publick Good:**

† The Stars.

III.

* Of ancient Art, and ancient Praise,
 The Springs are open'd in my lays:
 Olympic Heroes Ghosts around me throng,
 And think their Glory sung anew;
 'Till Chiefs of equal Fame they view;
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban Song.

IV.

Nor Pindar's Theme with mine compares,
 As far surpass, as useful Cares
 Transcend Diversion light, and Glory vain:
 The Wreath phantastick, shouting Throng,
 And panting Steed, to Him belong,
 The Charioteer's, nor Empire's golden Rein.

V.

Nor Chandos! Thou the Muse despise
 That would to glowing Ætna rise,
 (Such Pindar's Breast,) Thou Theron of our Time!
 Seldom to man the Gods impart
 A Pindar's Head, or Theron's Heart;
 In Life, or Song, how rare the true Sublime?

* — Tibi res antiquæ Laudis, & Artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes;
 Ascraeumq; cano Romana per oppida carmen.

Virg.
V.

VI.

None, British-born, will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot Strain,
 Tho' not with Genius, with some Virtue crown'd;
 (How vain the Muse!) the Lay may last,
 Thus twin'd around the British Mast,
 The British Mast, with nobler Laurels bound!

VII.

Weak Ivy curls round Naval Oak,
 And smiles at Wind, and Storm, unbroke;
 By Strength not hers sublime: Thus, proud to soar,
 To Britain's Grandeur cleaves my Strain;
 And lives, and eccho's thro' the Plain,
 While o'er the Billow Britain's Thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb ye groveling Sons of Verse,
 Who Sing not Actions, but rehearse,
 And fool the Muse with impotent Desire;
 Ye Sacrilegious! who presume
 To tarnish Britain's naval Bloom,
 Sing Britain's Fame, with all her Hero's fire.

The

The CHORUS;

- “ Ye *Syrens*! sing, ye *Tritons*, blow,
 “ Ye *Neirids*! dance, ye *Billows*! flow,
 “ Row! to my *Measures*, O ye *Starry Throng*!
 “ Ye *Winds*! in Confort breath around;
 “ Ye *Nawies*! to the Confort bound
 “ From Pole, to Pole; to *Britain* All belong;
 “ *Britain* to Heaven; from Heaven descends my Song.

F I N I S.

